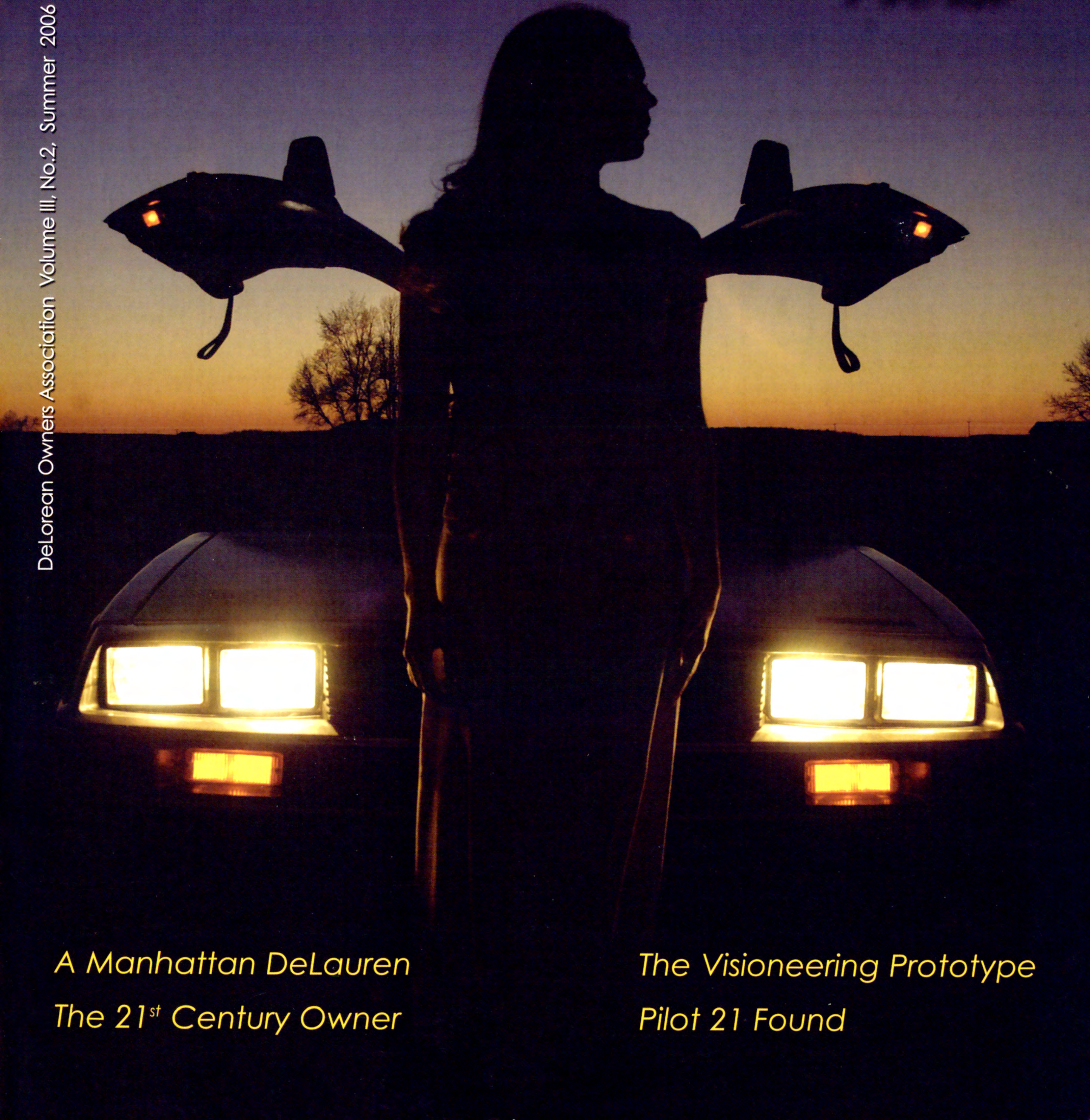
# DeLorean World

DeLorean Owners Association Volume III, No.2, Summer 2006



A Manhattan DeLauren

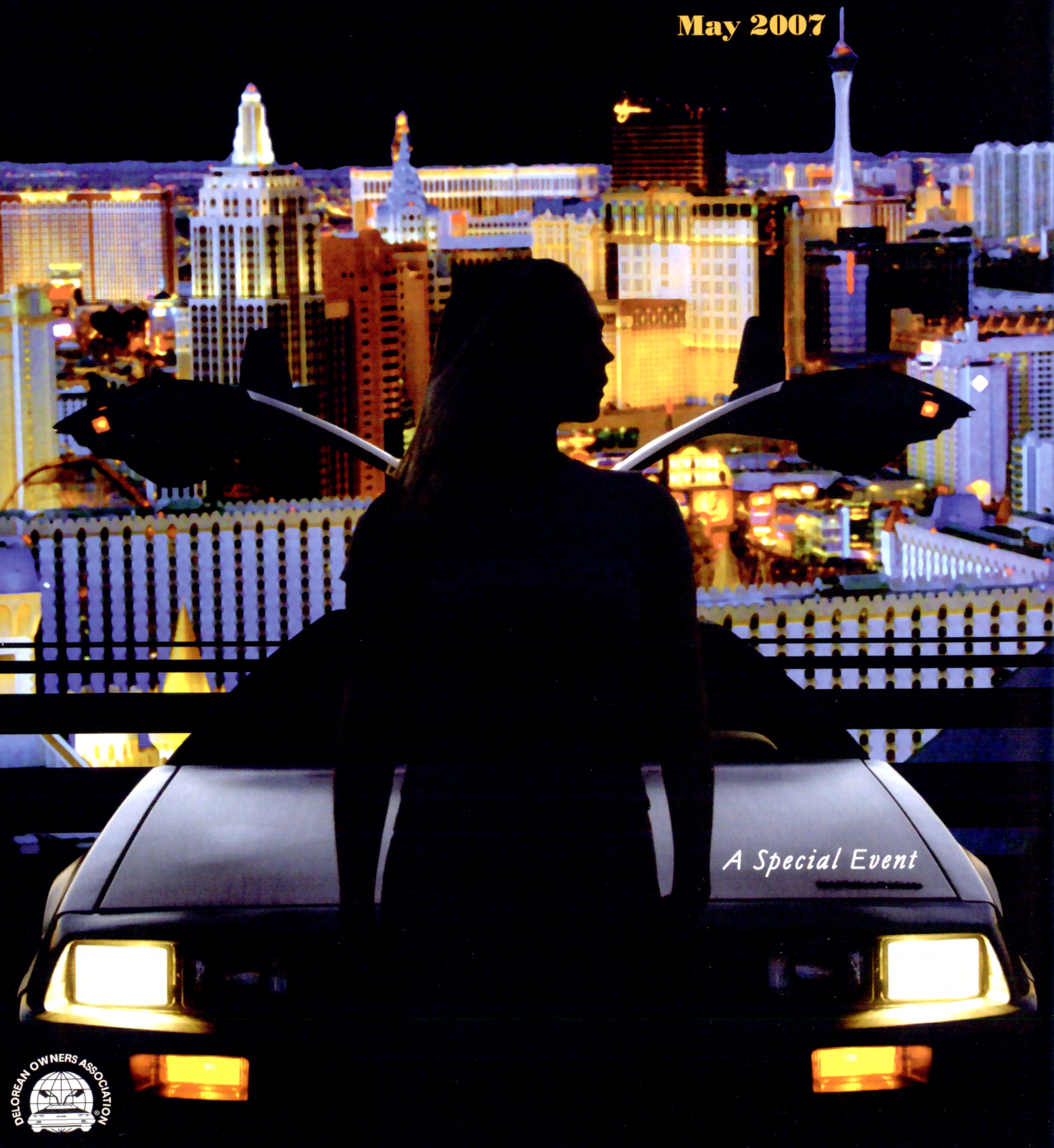
The 21st Century Owner

The Visioneering Prototype

Pilot 21 Found

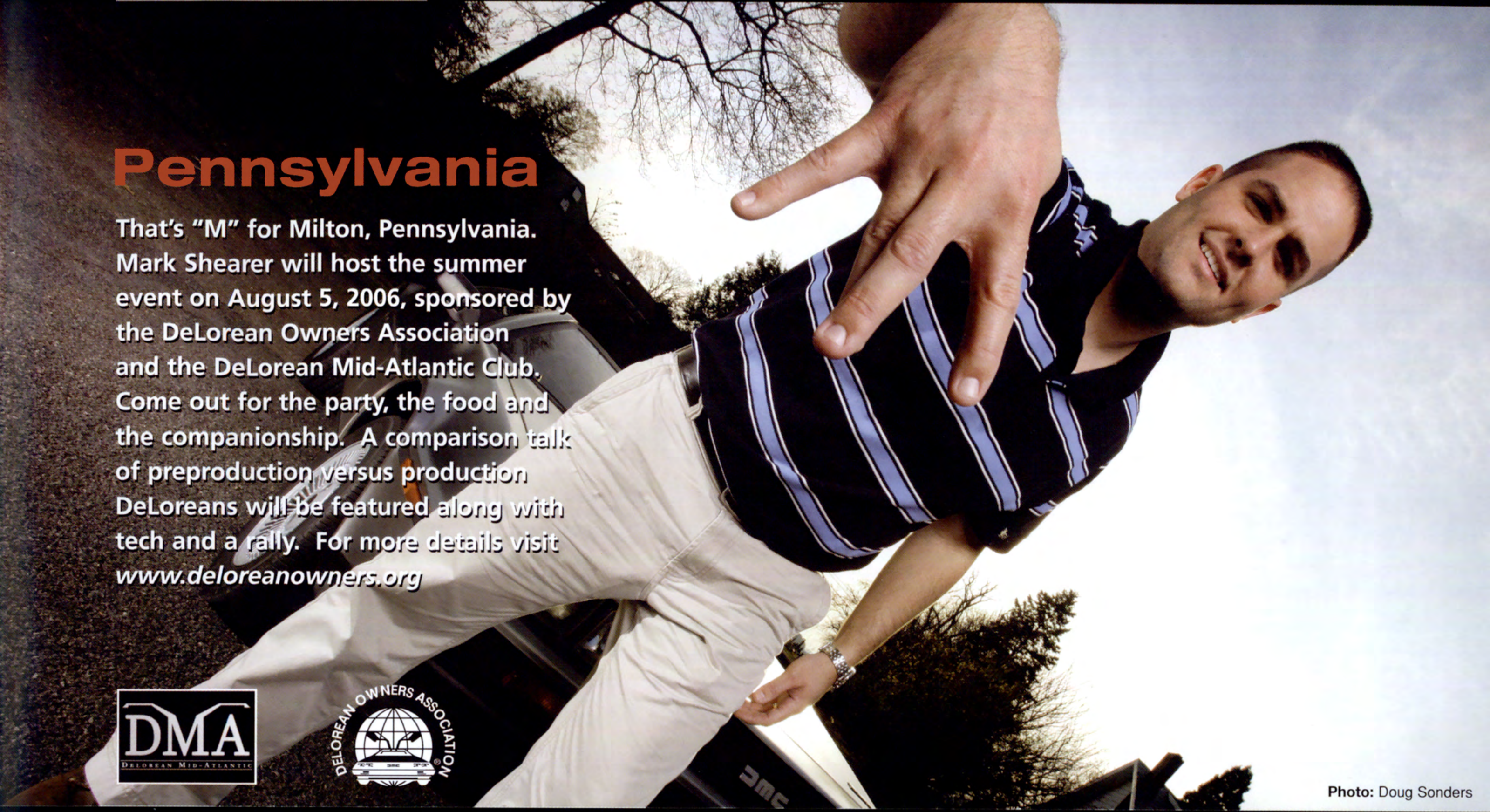
# Las Vegas

May 2007



*A Special Event*

DeLorean Owners Association®



## Pennsylvania

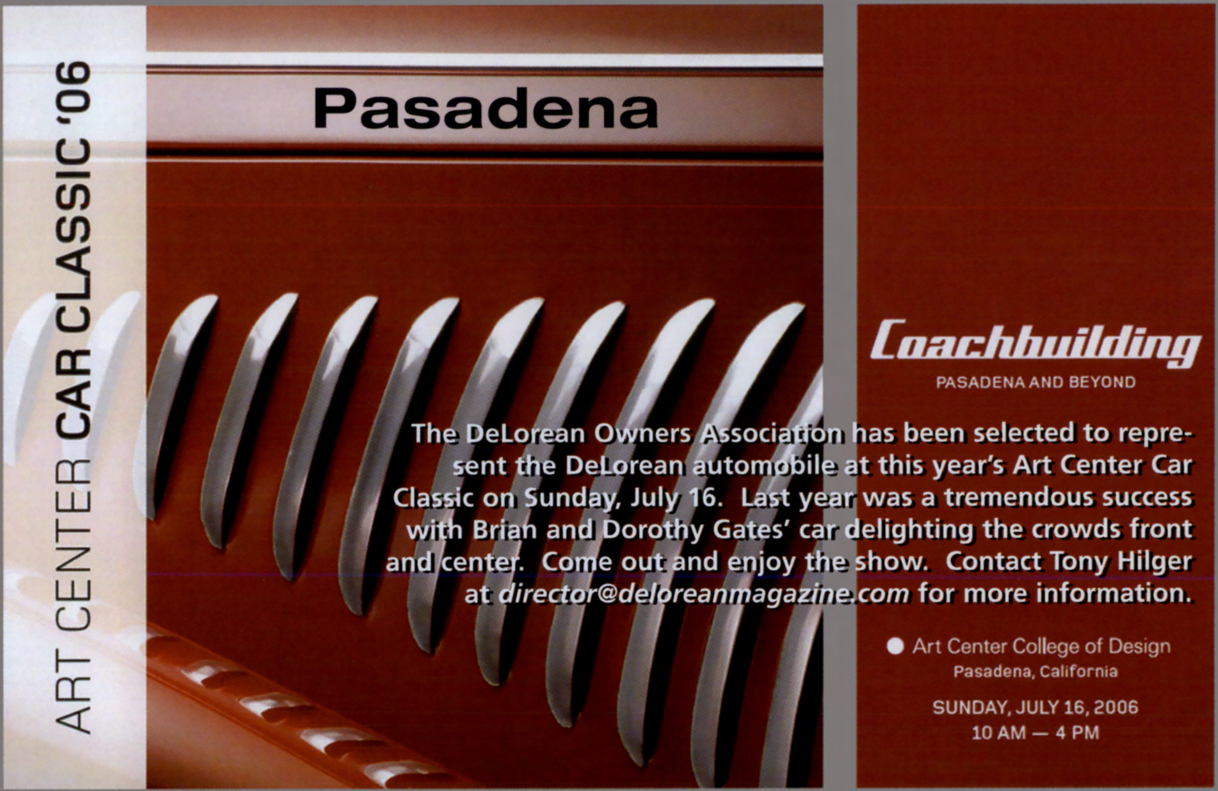
That's "M" for Milton, Pennsylvania. Mark Shearer will host the summer event on August 5, 2006, sponsored by the DeLorean Owners Association and the DeLorean Mid-Atlantic Club. Come out for the party, the food and the companionship. A comparison talk of preproduction versus production DeLoreans will be featured along with tech and a rally. For more details visit *www.deloreanowners.org*

**Photo:** Doug Sonders

## Florida

DMC Florida will host a fall event in October 2006 on location in Bonita Springs, sponsored by the DeLorean Owners Association. Enjoy some food and meet other owners in the panhandle. See Prototype 1 and DMC Florida's brand new facilities. Check *www.deloreanowners.org*

# CALIFORNIA



## Pasadena

The DeLorean Owners Association has been selected to represent the DeLorean automobile at this year's Art Center Car Classic on Sunday, July 16. Last year was a tremendous success with Brian and Dorothy Gates' car delighting the crowds front and center. Come out and enjoy the show. Contact Tony Hilger at *director@deloreanmagazine.com* for more information.

Coachbuilding
PASADENA AND BEYOND

● Art Center College of Design
Pasadena, California
SUNDAY, JULY 16, 2006
10 AM — 4 PM

## San Diego

SAN DIEGO
2006
BRITISH CAR DAY

The 27th Annual San Diego British Car Day will take place on October 1, 2006 at Fairbrook Farms in Fallbrook. Save the date.

This year the featured car will be the DeLorean.

Please contact Gordon Carpenter for event coordination and information at *gcarpent@san.rr.com*

# PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

It's a great honor to be at the helm of the DeLorean Owners Association. I've had many memorable experiences in the past attending Association events and reading *DeLorean World* magazine throughout the years. Now, behind the curtain, I realize the effort and hard work it takes to keep the Association running and running well. Thank you to the Association members who have worked hard in the past.

Unlike many owners who were inspired by the DeLorean's theatrical debut in the 80's, I was intrigued by the automobile for what it stood for, even at a young age…a car built to last and built with style. Growing up in the Midwest was the catalyst for my interest. As many Midwesterners know, salty roads can cause havoc on any car but when the DeLorean came out in 1981 there was a different take on how a car should be built. I remember watching the car on television, riding my BMX bike to the Chevrolet dealer, *seriously* inquiring about an early black leather interior DeLorean with a gas flap. But no sale. I was 10. And I also remember my aunt going on a date and getting into a DeLorean as I peered out the window. Unfortunately, she never married the owner.

During my college years I finally had an opportunity to get a DeLorean. I think many can say your first time behind the wheel of this car is a memorable one. When I purchased the car I intended to drive it. 145,000 miles later, my DeLorean has seen the likes of many road excursions like braving the Malibu fires and driving to go skiing in the California mountains…yes with snow chains. I have a great respect for the legacy, and I think John would appreciate that there are DeLoreans out there running daily. Mileage on the car has just become a number. What matters most is proper maintenance and overall respect for what you drive. That's why the Association is here: respect for the DeLorean and for the vision. My car has been through a lot but it has always brought me to point B in style and comfort.

This is a very exciting time in the DeLorean Owners Association. There is so much to come and so much to tell. We look forward in the next few months to have a new website with exclusive membership access, a new DeLorean Store and a new product line for our members. We will have event listings so all Association members can enjoy their cars and share experiences with others. So much has happened since the DeLorean rolled off the assembly line and the Association is pushing towards the future to ensure our members are well taken care of and have the knowledge of their automobile to drive it into the future. I look forward to hearing from all of you.

Sincerely,

Tony Hilger
*director@deloreanmagazine.com*

# DELOREAN World

## ON THE COVER

Angel in Summer
**Jessica Seprish**
photographed by
**Patricia Collins**

## ▲ NEWS & GROOVES

Chasing those odd cars, proof of excellence and Thailand's owners make themselves heard. It's just a big happy DeLorean world.

6, 40

## EVENTS ▶

Association Events are roaring back in a big way across America. Check out what's closest to you this summer and fall and come out for the fun.

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## ◀ NEW YORK DELAUREN

Who says girls don't own DeLoreans? In fact, Lauren may have the only one in Manhattan. And boy do those New Yorkers sure love that car.

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## FAR AND WIDE

DeLoreans in the $21^{st}$ Century. We take a look at the new enthusiast.

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The founder of the DeLorean Club of Southern California is still around with a box of goodies and a wealth of memories.

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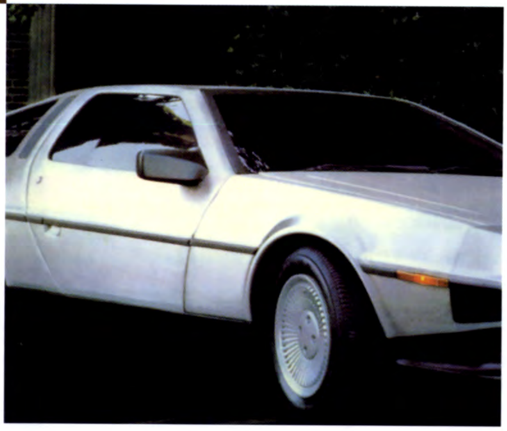

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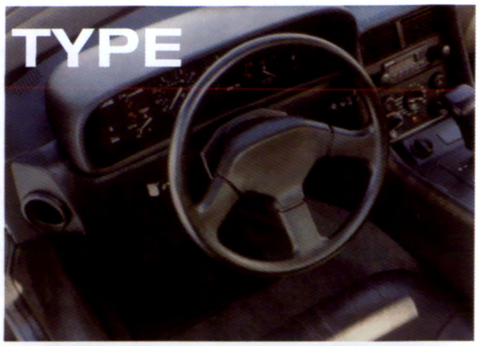
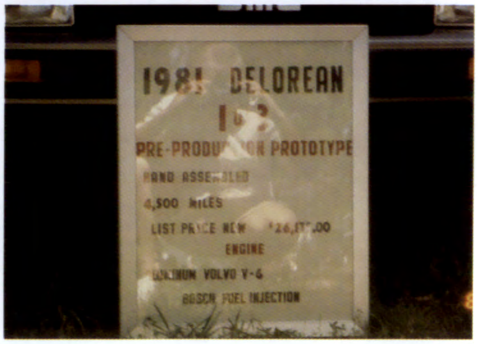
# news & GROOVES
from the DeLorean World

## THE DUESENBERG PROTOTYPE





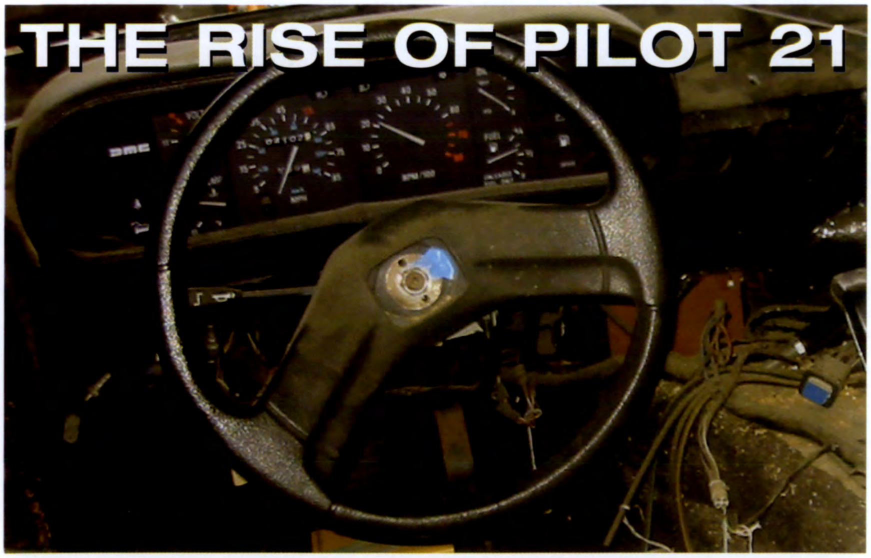
In 1988 the Auburn Cord Duesenberg Museum (www.acdmuseum.org) put a DeLorean on display. The sign accompanying the car claimed it was a"Pre-Production DeLorean Prototype 1 of 3". The car sold while on loan at the Duesenberg, and left in 1994. Matt Short, the executive vice president at the museum remembers the car as a black interior automatic.

It was the"1 of 3"that caught the attention of a man traveling through Auburn in the early 90s. He was a friend of Jim Bates, owner of Pilot 20, one of 28 preproduction DeLoreans. He knew Jim had bought 3 pilot cars at a car auction held by Olsen Engineering in 1983. He later parted with 19 and 21 before setting to restore 20.

Was the Duesenberg the recipient of Pilot 19? Everything seemed to fit, except the museum's log that the VIN on the DeLorean in their care had actually been 614. But it was still possible that 614 had been destroyed and Pilot 19 had been assigned the VIN.

Further research, however, seems to indicate otherwise. VIN 614 was sold in March 2003 at the Barret-Jackson auction in Florida. It is a black interior automatic with a sticker that states"DeLorean Factory Training Car". Since the first hundred or so production cars were assigned to company employees, they've often been referred to as"preproduction". They were, in fact, training cars, used to figure out the cobwebs in the first run. Mystery solved…kind of. "1 of 3"is still curious. One of three training cars shipped together to US DeLorean employees, maybe?

## THE RISE OF PILOT 21



One of the 28 Pilot DeLoreans has been uncovered in Orange County, California. Bearing striking similarities to Pilot 20, the car has remained stored in a garage for years. The pieces are original and unpainted. Just as Jim Bates remembered, the door windows are Plexiglass, the lone seat is preproduction and the steering wheel is a Renault.

*More details to come in the next issue of DeLorean World.*

# *For all of your* DeLorean *Shopping Needs...*

## Heavy Duty Floor Mats

Imagine DeLorean floor mats that don't wear out in a couple of years and don't bunch up under your feet! Most replacement mats don't fit properly because they're patterned after the originals which are undersized and tend to shift around. I made new patterns from my own car and they are over one inch wider in some places but will fit your car much better than the stock mats. The backing has also been recently upgraded to a heavy duty plastic with nubs to hold it more firmly in place than before. Together these improvements make these mats an unbeatable combination of quality and value.

**Black DMC Logo Floor Mats (A1000020G)..........................................149.95**

**Grey DMC Logo Floor Mats (A1000019G)...........................................149.95**

## Roof And Door Headliners and Kits

These headliners are new, not reconditioned, and that's what sets them apart from the competition. There are no bulky cores to deal with sending back and they have thin fiberglass underbodies which are moisture-proof and will last forever, unlike the pressboard originals. Do it once and do it right! The door headliners include mounting "fir trees" and the roof headliners come with a brush top can of installation adhesive and black stainless sunvisor mounting screws.

**Dark Grey Door Headliner Set (105753-4FG).........250.00**
**Dark Grey Roof Headliner Set (105191-2FG)..........250.00**
**Dark Grey Complete Headliner Kit (DGHDLNR).....450.00**
*Includes all four headliners, glue and "fir trees".*

**Light Grey Door Headliner Set (110062-3FG)......250.00**
**Light Grey Roof Headliner Set (110059-60FG)....250.00**
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NEW YORK
DELAUREN
THE EMPIRE STATE

**Story:** Toby Thompson **Photos:** Kevin Abato

Parking is the hassle in Manhattan, finding a legal space then fighting for it, recalling street-sweeping hours or dodging meter cops and delivery vans that buzzcut side mirrors. So if your doorman knows someone at a public garage, as Lauren Reilly's does, and he lands you a $235-a-month deal in a town where rates approach $900, half the battle is won. It helps to pay your bill, however, a fact the cashier at this midtown garage is reminding Reilly, who's determined to spring her car, tonight, gratis.

"*C'mon*," she pleads, "I'll pay tomorrow, *please*, it's important."

Finally he relents, and we stand with a dozen other New Yorkers awaiting their vehicles. Reilly paces in cargo-pocketed Capris, knee-high black boots with three-inch heels, and a long-sleeve T she's designed with a prototype DeLorean silk-screened across her chest and GULLWING DOORS STAINLESS STEEL FLUX CAPACITOR ON THE FLOOR MODELS across her back. She's a zaftig, Irish/Italian 29-year-old, with shoulder-length brown hair and a rakish smile.

"That clerk is the crankiest of all," she sighs, "the one person who'd say, 'No you can't have the car.'" She pouts. "I was worried I wouldn't get to see her."

"Her" is Belinda, the 1981 DeLorean she bought in 2004 on eBay, for $13,000 ("I've put about $10,000 into her"), and who just this minute is rolling off the garage's elevator, to the customary oohs and ahs. "Having a DeLorean is like being five percent a rock star," Reilly says, popping the gulls. "That part gets me every time." Except for an abrasion on its front bumper, the car looks pristine. Its plates read "New York, DELAUREN."

"I reserved that before I bought the car," she says, then frowns. "Belinda's a little dirty, which is why we're taking her to the car wash." Reilly slides in and we slip past theater traffic toward Broadway.

"I named her Belinda after the singer, Belinda Carlisle," she explains. "I wanted to give her an '80s pop star name. I liked DeLoreans, from *Back to the Future*, and I'm into '80s nostalgia. Part of that, of course, is my childhood." She smiles. "Like, last night was my roommate's 30th birthday, so we ate all this '80s candy, like Nerds and Pop Rocks, we played all the music, like Blondie, the Go-Gos and Duran Duran, and we whipped out the Atari for Pac-Man and Pitfall. Afterward we went to Times Square for laser tag. The entire other team was *12-year-olds*, who actually won. We decided we were too old to be chasing people around in the dark. We stayed there until about two, then we went to a bar until about four, then we went out for pizza. If I don't see the sun come up, I don't think it's been a good night." She swears at a taxi that's cut her off, then adds, "That's my philosophy on life."

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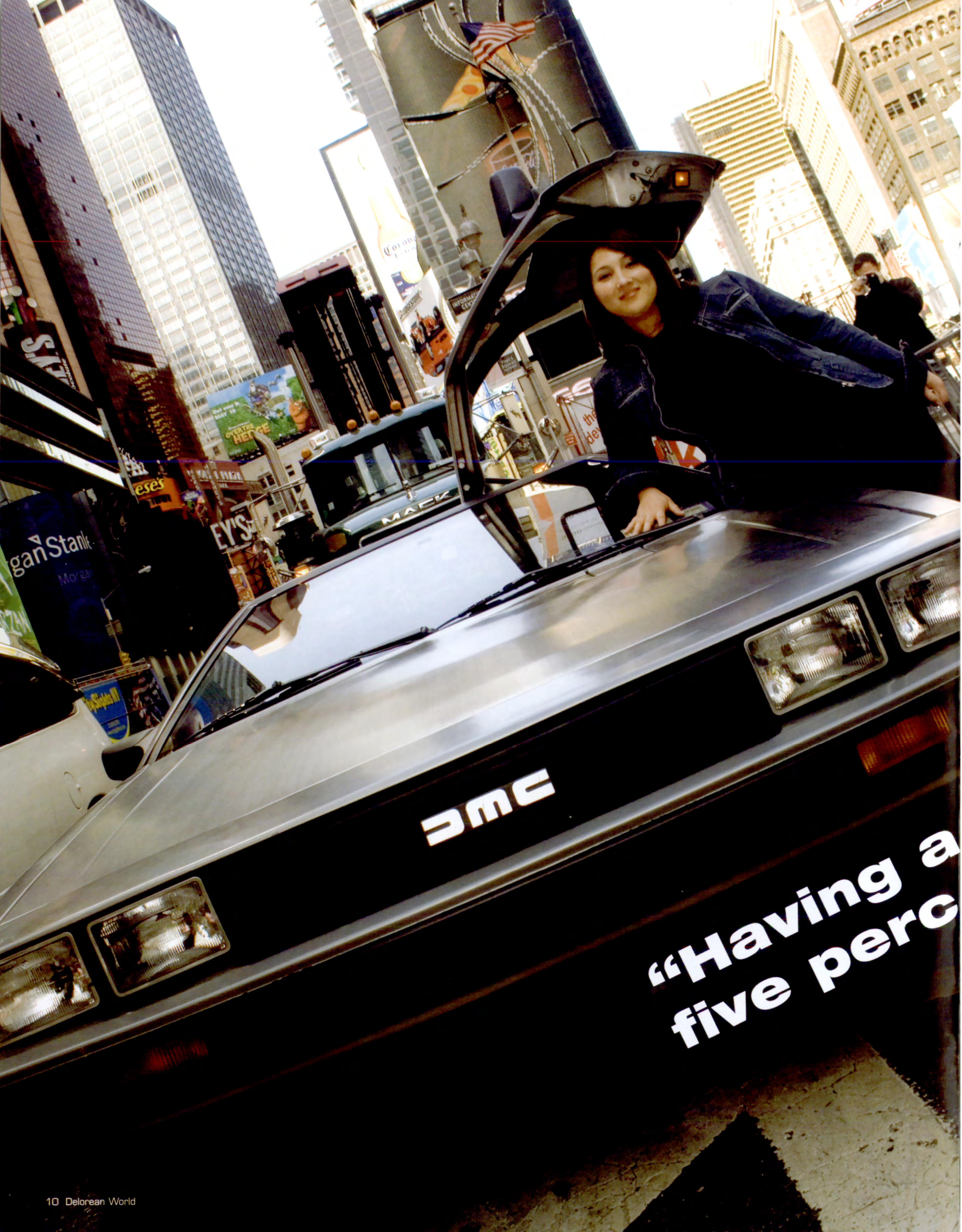


**"Having a DeLorean is like being five percent a rock star."**

New York born, having grown up on Long Island but residing in Manhattan for the past eight years, she does quality assurance/business analysis for a Soho marketing firm. Before 9/11, she worked at The World Financial Center in a complex that was partially destroyed. "My roommate's building *was* destroyed. It was her fourth day in New York. She'd moved from *Kansas*. Her parents said, 'Don't move to New York, it's dangerous there.' And the fourth day, 9/11 happens."

Here in Times Square, with million-kilowatt signs flashing and the sidewalks jammed, all that seems decades removed. "There's nowhere I love as much as New York," Reilly says. "I'm a night person. I like the excitement and I like that there's always something to do." She veers toward the Hudson. "Cruising through Times Square is one of my favorite things. It feels like you're *somewhere*."

The first day she drove Belinda, she broke down in the Square. "A cop was really nice about it. I didn't even know how to jump her. I pulled the doors up, I had the trunk up ... and people kept coming by. They thought it was a *display*. They'd say, 'What are you here for?'

She exercises Belinda most weekends—on trips to Mohegan Sun, Atlantic City, Long Island, or just around Manhattan–in part to keep her battery charged. "In garages, batteries go dead. Once it took them 45 minutes to jump it, because they wouldn't give me access. I've even had it die in the car wash. Which is why we're circling now."

At West Street, hard by the river, a sign for West Side Parkway Car Wash looms. "If I leave her for more than a week in the garage, she's filthy–it's the dust, the soot. Let's check this place." She gets out, speaks with attendants, returns. "That sounded sketchy. The office was closed, but I could pay *them*. I'd rather just avoid it. If something happens to the car, they might say, 'Oh, we weren't open.'" She accelerates up 46th Street. "Here's another one. Hey," she calls, "is your office open?'

A Middle Eastern guy answers 'It's close.'" Then he bargains, but Reilly shakes her head.

"I'm not really that insured," she explains. "If anything happens to the car, I pay for it." She backs into 11th Avenue, against oncoming traffic. "That's one reason I'm a very careful driver."

We head toward Harlem and, we hope, car washes. Belinda runs smoothly. "Everything in this car is practically new," Reilly says. "When I bought it, it was an absolute wreck. The windows wouldn't roll down, the windshield was cracked, the radiator, water pump and tie rods were broken, the hoses had like *molded*. And everytime I hit 55, the doors would fly open. I got really lucky driving it home. Now it's in perfect mechanical condition."

We dodge an enormous, accordion-waist bus. Reilly snickers. "I've had quite a few times when I've had my battery die, though. One time I drove it in the Greenwich Village

Halloween parade, with all my friends dressed as characters from the '80s or from *Back to the Future*. I wore a pink dress and blond wig, like Madonna from 'Material Girl.' We had Marty Mcfly on a skateboard and another guy dressed as Doc. We were the hit of the parade. But in order to play loud music, I hooked up my apartment stereo to the cigarette lighter. Bad idea. You're in a parade, you're not generating any power ... halfway through, the whole car died. I said, 'Everybody get out and subtly *push*. Pretend we're just petting her. I've actually been in two parades since. My dad bought me a jumper pack for Christmas."

Reilly's father, a Queens Irish-American, worked organized crime for the FBI until his retirement. "He worked a lot with Mafia informants," Reilly says. "Very freaky. He'd bring them to the *house* and I'd say, 'Daddy, this guy's a murderer!'" Reilly's mother, a school teacher, is Brooklyn Sicilian. "My grandma would say, 'There's no such thing as a Mafia, it's made up of lying Italians!' She was very protective. Meanwhile, her own grandfather, in Italy, was shot in the back of the head, landing face first in his spaghetti."

> **"This car is such a guy magnet, she says, opening its gas flap."**

*One of the strangest dudes that the DeLorean guy magnet ever drew. Meet the Naked Cowboy, one of Times Squares most popular sights in recent years. Tourists, New Yorkers, heck even the police...they love him. And if you don't believe it, see www.nakedcowboy.com*

The car's suspension is tight, and there are loud *whumps* with each pothole. But the sky is clear, the moon is full, and Reilly's ebullient.

"My dad, I think I take after him. He had a convertible Mustang when he was younger. He understood my need for doing this. My mother thinks I'm *insane*. She hated the idea of my buying this car. But within a week of her telling all her little friends, and them going, 'Wooo!' she is a bigger spokesperson for the car than I am."

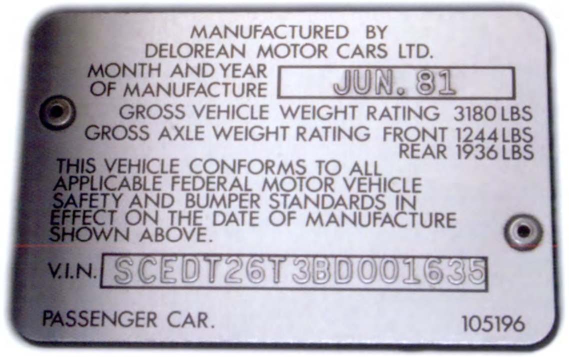
She doesn't really need a DeLorean in New York, and the expense is great. But she insists, 'It's the one thing I've purchased that's given me nothing but pleasure.' I *so* treat it like a person. When I bought this car I told myself, 'I'll have it for four years and I'll make a profit on it.' Now I couldn't part with it."

As we indulge in 125th Street's magic—its soul food restaurants, the Apollo Theater, with an elegantly dressed black woman reclining on its step for photographers, and a group of hip Muslims in silk kaftans waving at the DeLorean—Reilly speaks of the people she's met through Belinda. "The cops are great. I was down in Philly and I wanted to park, it was about three in the morning. I saw a cop, and I said, 'Is this a legal parking spot?' And he said, 'Well, no, but we're not doing anything with *that* car.' They were so excited about it, they watched it all night. One of them pulled up and on the loud speaker said, 'One-point-twenty-one gigawatts, Mam?' I said, 'Oh, like I've never heard *that* before.'"

She eyes a BP station at 129th, across from the Floridita diner, and stops for gas beneath the elevated subway-which whoops, roars and rattles downtown. "This car is such a guy magnet," she says, opening its gas flap. "I have never met so many as driving around in this car. They'll run across the street to talk to me! And people will honk just to say hello. But I've heard people say, 'Oh my God, there's a girl driving it! Is this your boyfriend's car?' Like they don't even *believe* it's my car. There's some sort of weird prejudice."

The only guy here is a homeless fellow who approaches us for a handout. Reilly dodges him adeptly. "There is only one other DeLorean in Manhattan," she says, "owned by a guy on the Lower East Side. I believe he parks it elsewhere. And there's a woman in Arizona who's also named Lauren. I had to convince her not to get DELAUREN as a plate. '*I* have to be DeLauren, *you* can't be DeLauren.'" We pull out and she runs a red light. "It's pink, not red." She laughs. "I'm a much more polite driver, elsewhere. Here I'm just, *ehhh*."

I have not spoken much; this is my second DeLorean ride. My first, I tell Reilly, was with a 20-something owner who'd quit his job to drive America and then write a book about it. I'm a 60-something guy, of the *Rebel without A Cause* generation. *Back to the Future* holds no resonance for me, though I do get that it's about fine tuning the past.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"Quit his job?" Reilly says. "He deserves a lot of credit to make a change like that. I feel like my DeLorean experience is almost the opposite. It's my last little bit of holding onto things. I want to have this crazy car *once in my life*, and I'm not getting any younger. This is the last time I can buy it and still be kind of young and carefree. Even now I feel a little bit silly. It's like a big toy."

**"I'll always keep you." Then whispering, "I *talk* to her."**

A remark by Mike Knepper, writing for *Car and Driver*, has put devotees' passions into perspective for me: " ... there doesn't seem to be a 'standard type' of DeLorean owner ... but there is a common thread. Call it a bit of desperado, a bit of the rebel. By owning and driving DeLoreans, these people seem to be thumbing their noses at the rest of us ... they don't care what the rest of us think. The rest of us just don't get it."

A stench of gasoline envelops the cockpit. "I think I dripped gas on the hood," Reilly says. "That flap is new. The other one blew off in New Jersey somewhere."

I ask about DeLorean culture. "The popularity of the car is only increasing," she says. "I think John DeLorean dying renewed some interest in the car, briefly. But eighties stuff is in fashion now, all those VH1 shows about pop culture ... little kids will come up to me and know what it is. They wouldn't ever have had a reason to hear of this car." Glancing at the full moon, she looks wistful. "I'm in a nostalgia mode this weekend. It seems like the '80s was so much less jaded a time," she says. "Everything now is so over the top and pushed too far." Do friends feel this way? "I'm the last year of Generation X. There was such a job slump for so long, that really poisoned people of my age. We all graduated college at the height of the market. Our careers were going to be fabulous, everything was going to be amazing, the internet was brand new, it was just that one small chunk of time. Then everything came crashing down. I think that had a lot to do with the way people feel about the future now."

A Volvo cuts us off. Reilly mutters, "*Idiot, idiot.*" Then exhales. "It's a very strange point in life, being a 30-year-old, single woman. Over the past two weeks, both my roommates just turned 30. This is the new midlife crisis. People get married later now, and they are more career oriented—but at the same time you feel like you're missing something. You have to have your career, and you have to find a husband, and you have to have kids by a certain age."

Is the difficulty of finding straight, eligible guys in New York still relevant? "Yeah, New York is the worst dating market. But I love it so much that I would never leave for that reason. My friend felt that she never would meet anyone in New York and had to leave. She's in San Francisco. Which I told her is actually a worse market. *All* the men there are gay. Last year, a lot of my best friends moved there, and I kind of thought I was going to go with them. When I visited, one of the first things I thought was, 'I couldn't have my car here with all these hills.' "

So it's worth the time and expense. "Having Belinda has definitely brought me a lot more than I thought it would. She's like my child! And with the Mid-Atlantic club, you have a bunch of really quirky people. We have barbecues and we go on little tours. It's kind of like a lifestyle." She dodges a truck. "I'd never give that up, and in fact might someday buy another DeLorean." Glancing down, "Sorry Belinda, I don't mean that. I'll always keep you." Then whispering, "I *talk* to her."

We've entered 42nd Street, having circled back to newly gentrified Times Square. A McDonald's in a former theater, its neon-lit marquee flashing the restaurant's name, is just ahead. We ought to drive right in, I suggest. Reilly laughs. "I used to never want to walk around here at night," she says. "It was scary. I was afraid of the city, growing up. Now I have no fear." We're stuck behind a limo and idle, taking in the sights. "The last play I saw was *Jersey Boys*. I *love* the opera, dance, the theater. I'm so close, I feel like I have to see every play. I *live* on the same street as David Letterman's show. He parks in my building's garage."

We re-enter her garage, Belinda still needing a bath, but her reception is tumultuous. Throngs of post-theater tourists point, shout, "Hey, look! It's a DeLorean!" Reilly smiles, and recalling another grand entrance says, "My 10th high school reunion. Should have been there, should have seen her. I got all dolled up, I polished her, we arrive and the gull wing doors go up ... everyone's like, 'Wow, who is *that*?' People didn't even remember who I was. But they could talk about nothing else the entire night."

We hop out and as an attendant slips in, the throng converges. Reilly looks ready to sign autographs. "Like I told you, having a DeLorean is like being five percent a rock star. People buy one and sometimes they're not prepared. If you're a shy person, and you don't like attention, you're in *the wrong vehicle*." She giggles. "I had no idea it would be as bad as this."

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## > CORROSION & CONTAMINATION

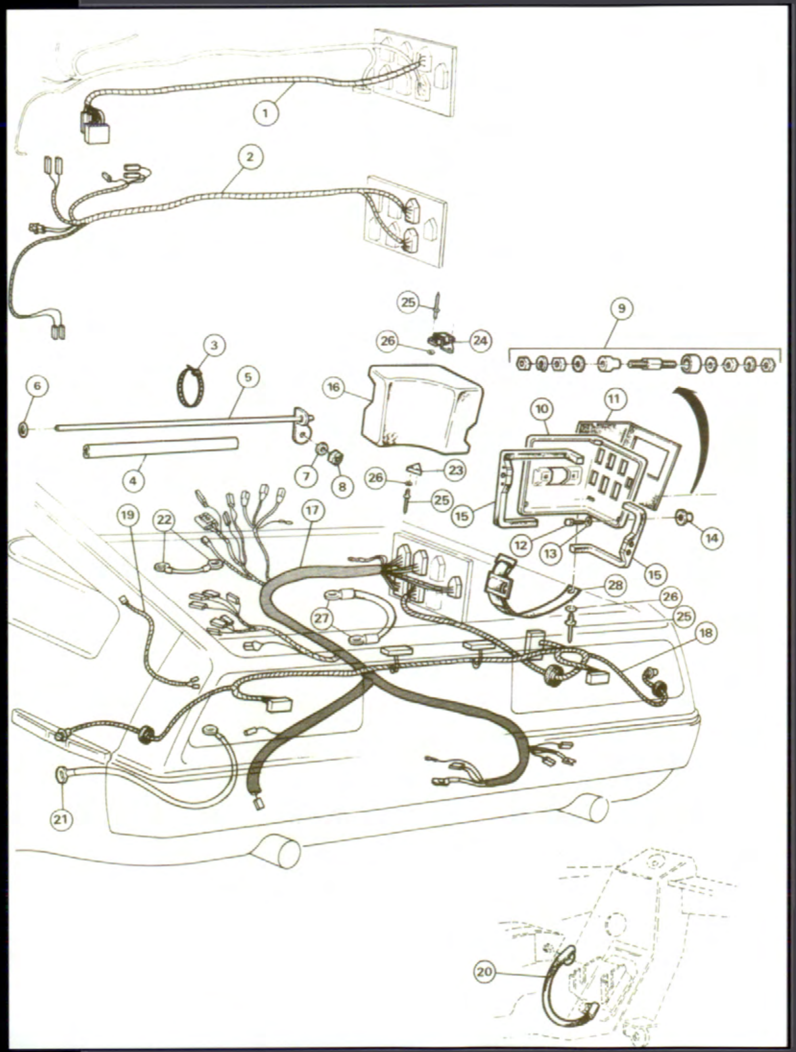
Text: John Truscott

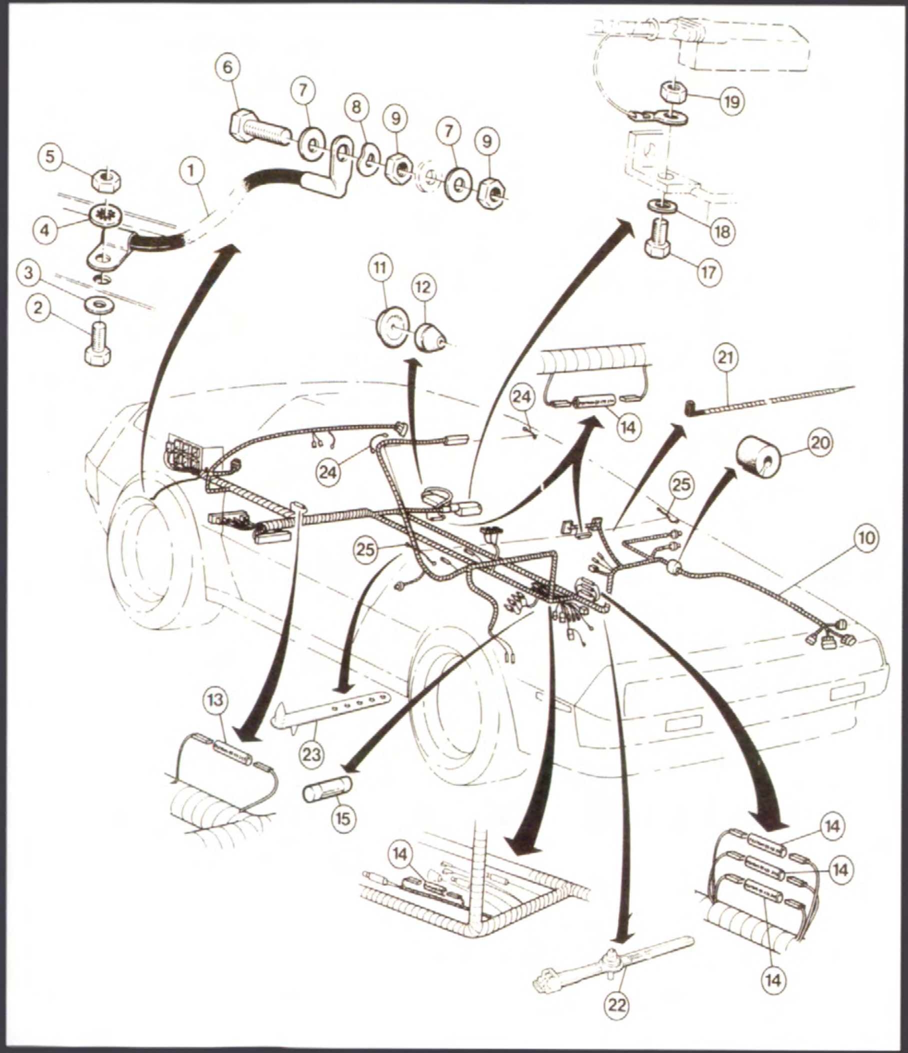
**A TIP for making your car start and run better,** is to clean and remove all corrosion and contamination from the main electrical ground between the body and the chassis located under a cover on the right-hand side of the engine compartment.

First and foremost, **disconnect the battery** to prevent shock and sparks. Numbers in parenthesis correspond to the numbers on the diagram.

Refer to your Parts Identification Manual, Section 3, Subsection 7, Group 0. The cover (16) is held in place by a latch on top and a slot catch on the bottom. Unlatch the top and pull toward the rear. From under the cover, lift up and pull away. You will be looking at the engine harness (17), its various connectors and the coil. Depending on the environment where the car is kept, these connectors can build up corrosion which can create a problem.

Pick up a can of electrical spray solvent and have some clean shop rags and you're ready to start the clean up process. Pull the plugs from the sockets one at a time, spray the plug prongs, then the sockets, wipe off the excess fluid and allow it to evaporate. Reinstall the dry plug before moving on to the next. Usually, the act of unplugging and replugging the harness alone will help bare the connectors to the circuit.





With the harness unplugged, look in the same area under the car. Refer to Section 3, Subsection 7, Group 3 in your Parts Identification Manual. Note where the frame ground cable (1) connects to the frame and unscrew the bolt (2) from the nut (5). This spot is a major electrical ground for the car and it's important that the surface of the frame is corrosion and dirt free. Use 600 to 800 grit emery cloth to clean and bare approximately a nickel sized portion around the hole. Clean the bolt (2), nut (5), washer (3) and toothed washer (4) before reconnecting the frame ground cable (1).

Place the plugs back into the sockets and engine coil securely. Replace the cover and secure it with the latches. Reconnect the battery. You're good to go for the driving season.

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# editor's comments

by Sascha Skucek

In February, the Game Show Network aired *Anything to Win: The Crash of John DeLorean* on national television. The documentary took a fairer spin than others, although it's difficult to avoid the darker aspects in DeLorean history, especially because negative is juicy and the media loves a good roast.

When I was interviewed for the documentary last summer, I spent 30 minutes driveling over how much I adored the DeLorean automobile. Of that time, I got three quick spots on the documentary and almost got my foot stuck in my mouth. The assistant producer called me the night of the show and professed that he had misplaced my consent form. I faxed it over immediately, happy by what I could only perceive as my having made the cut and that I'd see myself on television. In retrospect, the last minute email was probably due to the bluntness of my statements. Of course, some person or other once said, "I don't care about bad press, so long as they get my name right." Exposure is exposure.

I had no problem with my first statement: "The guys that were five, six, seven-years-old like I was back in '85 when this thing came out, it just wowed us. I think it has one of the best rear ends I've ever seen. And as far as the front, I love it. It's so unique."

Well, I do like the back end of the DeLorean. I can't help it. In fact, I can't think of a car that even comes a close second to those big bumblebee tail lights, that shutter effect of the louver, the black bumper and twin exhaust pipes.

Statement 2: "John DeLorean's greatest invention, supposedly, is the GTO, but no one's going to remember the GTO 20 years from now. It's just going to be a little blurb in the history of sports cars."

Insert foot here. Of course, the problem is context. My blathering in the interview had led up to this statement. I was explaining that I'd attended John DeLorean's funeral and not a single GTO had shown up. It's his gullwinged car that will be remembered more than the GTO. I stand by that statement. *Compared to the DeLorean,* I maintain that the GTO will be just a small blurb.

Statement 3: "It took cajones to do what John DeLorean did."

Yes it did. There's little doubt that there are few men in the world with the courage and guts to chance the creation and production of an indpendent, new sports car among the giant car companies. Media love to point out that the company went bankrupt. They fail to understand the fact that DeLorean Motor Company's reign and two years of production was nothing short of a miracle.

I got an email shortly after the documentary, telling me that the head producer had insisted that the "cajones" remark stay in when the production company made the final edits. Frankly, in my mind, I remember thinking that "guts" wouldn't cut it and "balls" seemed too blunt. "Cajones" seemed softer in some way. Besides, my brother–a Spanish instructor at Penn State University–claims my pronunciation wasn't all that bad. I admit that my friends and family found it a riot and the greeting of "Hey Cajones!" on the phone or email has become all too familiar from many of them. I can't say I find it to be a particularly good nickname.

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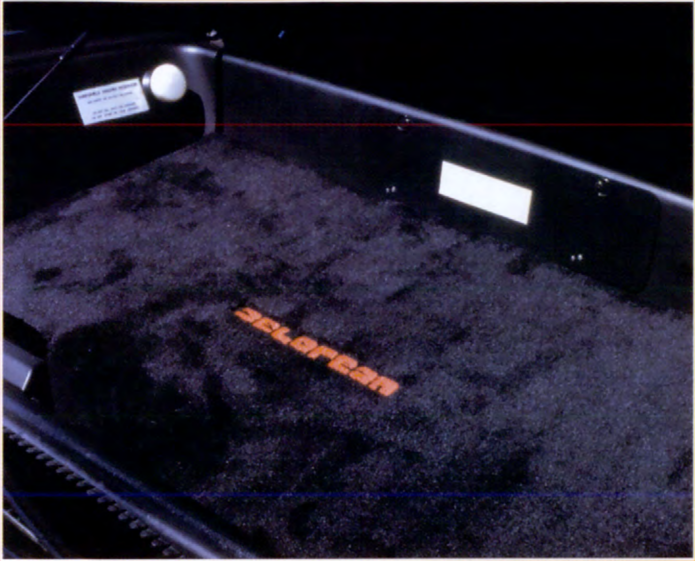

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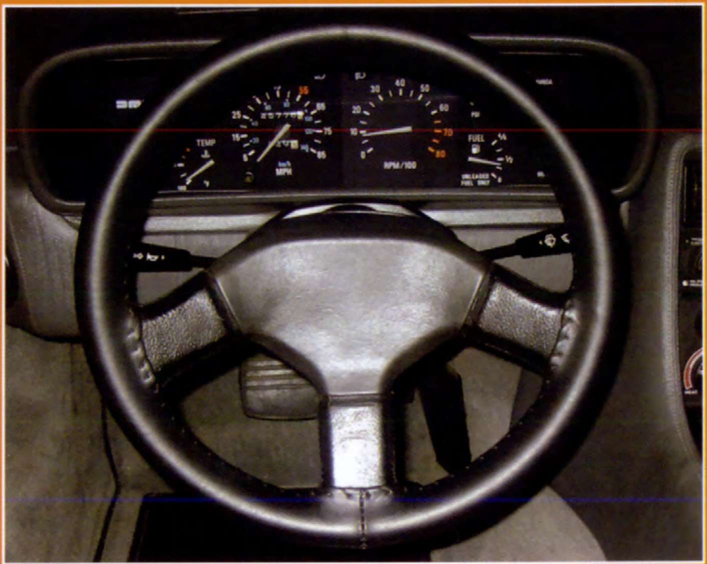

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# FAR AND WIDE

## DeLoreans in the 21st Century

The next generation of DeLorean afficionadoes are hitting their stride.
Here are a few.

Photography by Doug Sonders
*www.sondersphotography.com*

**Meet Casey Dalton.** He bought a DeLorean last December as a Christmas present to himself and is very happy.

"It runs like a top," he says. "If you could flip the whole car over you could eat right off of it."

Casey recently gave up the sexy night scene to run around and look at houses in his 1988 Honda. "I left sushi and nightclubbing for the exciting adventures of real estate appraisal," he says.

That's right sushi. In fact, the Dragonfly—a sushi restaurant and nightclub in downtown Washington D.C.—is considered the best damn sushi place around. Casey still manages and bartends in the club on weekends.

He doesn't drive his DeLorean for real estate appraisal because it would be "ridiculous to pull up in that thing."

But otherwise, he's enjoyed the attention the car has been getting. Sort of. "The DeLorean is a total dude magnet," he says.

"Well the girls must love it too, right?" he is asked.

"Yeah, only if the guy with her points it out."

A few months back, Casey noticed a hoopla going on near his home. Several new popular businesses had gotten together to do a big Ducatti party. All the expensive cars and motorcycles were being shown off. Casey decided he'd join the fray and got a parking spot right in the middle as a biker gang was just leaving. He stepped out of his DeLorean, with a Lambhorghini behind him and stood proudly.

"The DeLorean stopped everything," he says. "No one was looking at anything else."

He began answering the usual questions when he suddenly heard a loud screech behind him. A fantastic BANG followed with another screech and BANG. Casey's heart sank. He just knew his car was gone.

Turning around, he saw the result of a three car accident. A taxi cab that had been sitting to pick someone up had been rear ended by another cab (the poor driver was staring at a beautiful DeLorean apparently) which in turn slammed into a third car. Casey's car, parked nicely to the side, was unscathed. The rush was a bit much for him though, and he took the DeLorean home.

DMC

**Staff Sargeant Cameron Dingler** lives in Las Vegas where he serves in the Air Force as an A-10 crew chief PHASE jet mechanic. He bought his DeLorean "Karma" in Washington State last October and drove it back to Sin City. By then the car was already painted in its alluring colorchange purple. On the trip home, Cameron caught up with a motorcycle group and they traveled together for a time. In his usual manner, he was courteous with them, and the group must have been quite a sight when they allowed his DeLorean to travel in their pack. As it turned out, they all stopped for gas at the same station where Cameron was accosted by a man, filling up his sedan. DeLoreans aren't supposed to be painted, he charged. "How could you do that to this car?" the man asked.

The situation would have been little more than odd except that the haughty man came around the front of the DeLorean after being told politely that it was his not his car and therefore paint was not his call. Cameron suddenly felt that the situation would get violent; this man was truly angry and postured to do physical harm to the car or its owner. But one of the rather large bikers stepped around from behind the pump between the two and glared at the man. "You ain't doin nothin," the biker said and the situation diffused immediately. Not that Cameron couldn't take care of himself, but it's good to have friends. The biker group had a good laugh. Pleasantries were exchanged and they had a fun time looking over the DeLorean. Lesson learned, Cameron feels, to be as nice and pleasant to everyone as possible. You never know who might be there to lend a helping hand.

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When Doug Sonders visited **Joe Melfi** in the Nevada desert (see *Dogs, Dancers and a Crazy Horse Too* in the Winter 2005 issue of *dw magazine*), the nightclub manager told him to go right out into his cactus garden and take all the photos of his DeLorean he wanted. At one point, as Doug sought the perfect wide angle shot, he felt himself rubbing against a bush. Suddenly he tripped on a rock and fell backwards.

“That was a pointy bush,” he thought and for a moment he forgot where he was. He reached behind to touch his back and felt sharp pricks. When he looked at his hand, he saw dozens of needles stuck in the skin.

Staggering back to the house, Melfi came to his aide. “He took me into his bathroom and I took off my shirt,” Doug says. “Joe plucked the needles from my back, some with his hands and some with tweezers.”

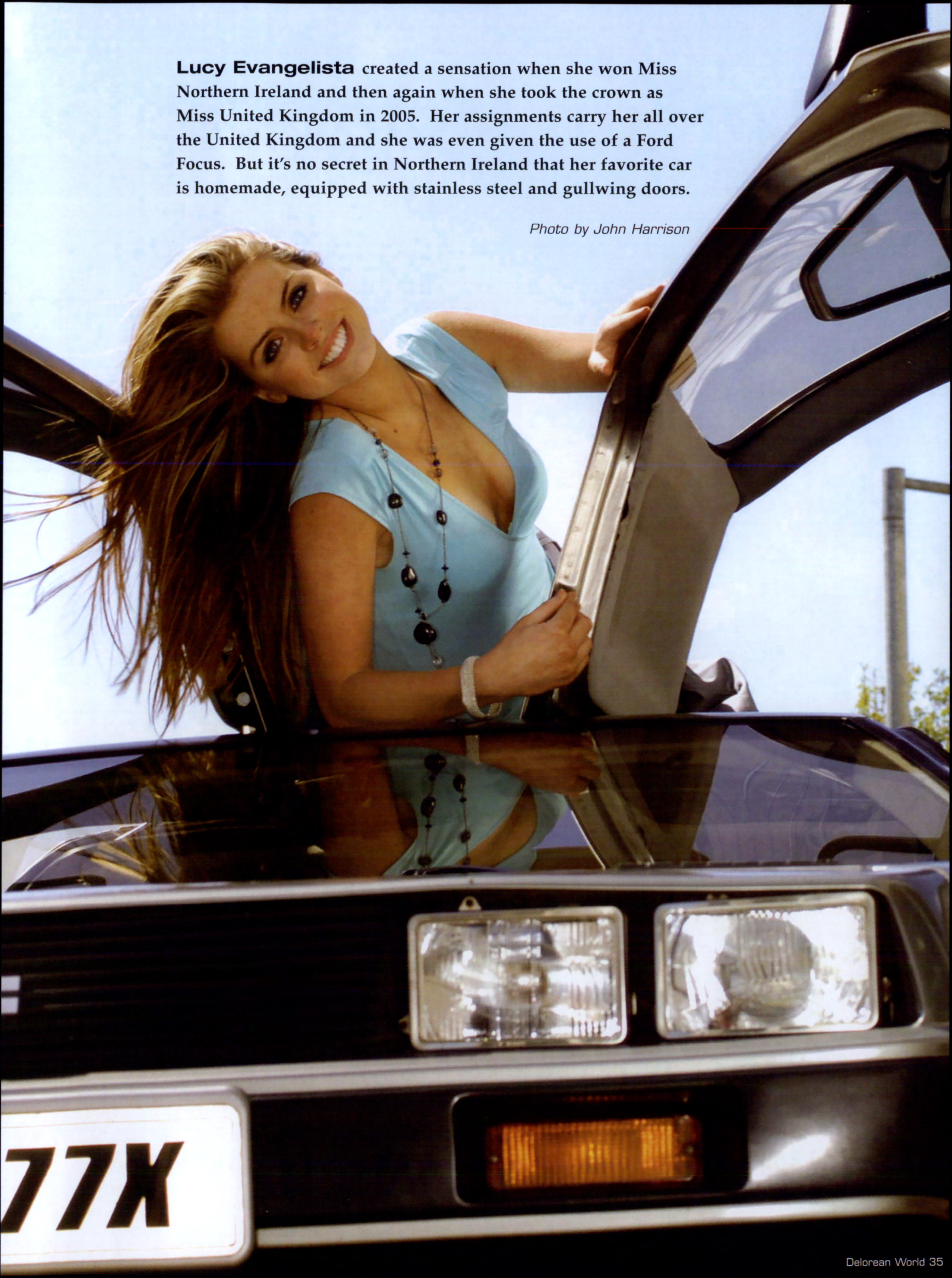
His shirt was ruined, so Melfi gave him an extra large T-shirt from the gentleman’s club. Doug felt like he was wearing pajamas as he drove back to his hotel. The pain from the cactus needles stayed with him for days. “It felt like I had razor burn on my back,” he says.

**Mark Shearer** is hard to miss in Milton, Pennsylvania. He's the DeLorean guy. His history students at the high school where he teaches are begging him to bring the car in, but so far, he's making them sweat patiently.

A long time enthusiast of DeLoreans, Mark has worked hard to reach out into the community. He's hosting his first event on August 5, 2006 at his home, endorsed by the DeLorean Owners Association and the DeLorean MidAtlantic Club. He's excited about bringing owners together because he loves the comraderie. But at the same time, he recognizes there are some hurdles.

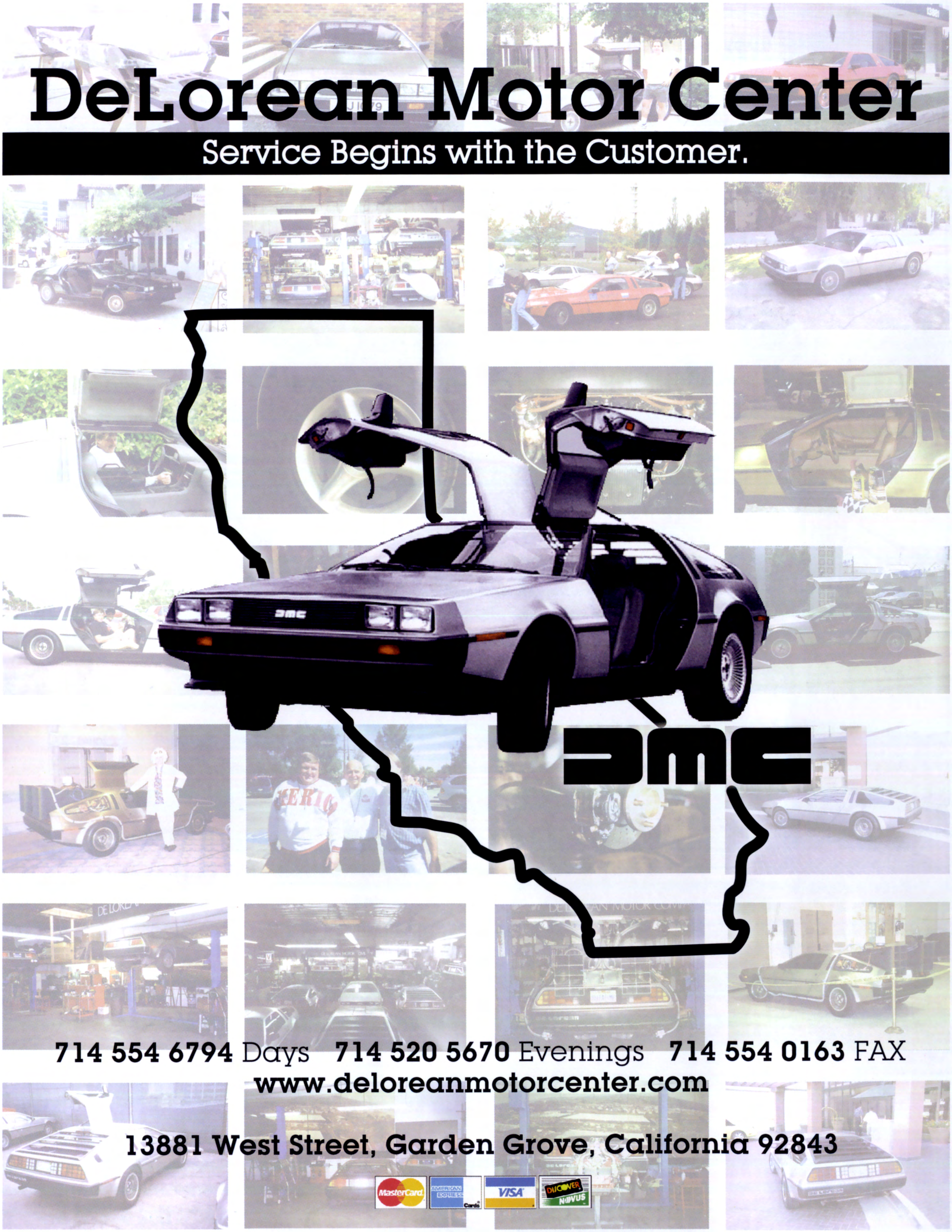
"I don't like the politics among DeLorean owners," Mark says. "We've got 6,000 cars out there. There are too many clubs and not enough effort being put into one unified organization. The Ferrari owners have two clubs, each with 100,000 members. We've been riding the *Back to the Future* wave for 21 years. The only way to continue promoting the DeLorean image effectively, is to do it together."

**Jessica Seprish**—seen here petting professional model doggy Winston in the crisp early spring air—has been one of the greatest volunteers to the DeLorean Owners Association in recent years. She's given not only her eye for design and fashion. She's endured extreme cold in the frigid waters of Pennsylvania's Susquehanna River and late night photoshoots in the icy air. Not for the glory of the DeLorean legacy that she's come to appreciate, but simply "because it's fun."



**Lucy Evangelista** created a sensation when she won Miss Northern Ireland and then again when she took the crown as Miss United Kingdom in 2005. Her assignments carry her all over the United Kingdom and she was even given the use of a Ford Focus. But it's no secret in Northern Ireland that her favorite car is homemade, equipped with stainless steel and gullwing doors.

*Photo by John Harrison*



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# DMC Weiss

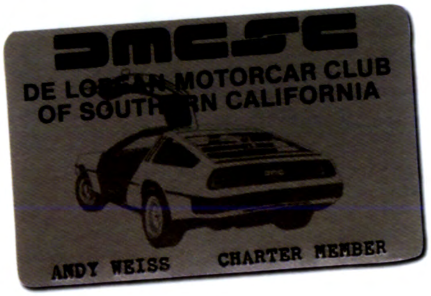
Andy Weiss, first meeting, March 18, 1982 Hyatt Hotel, Commerce CA.

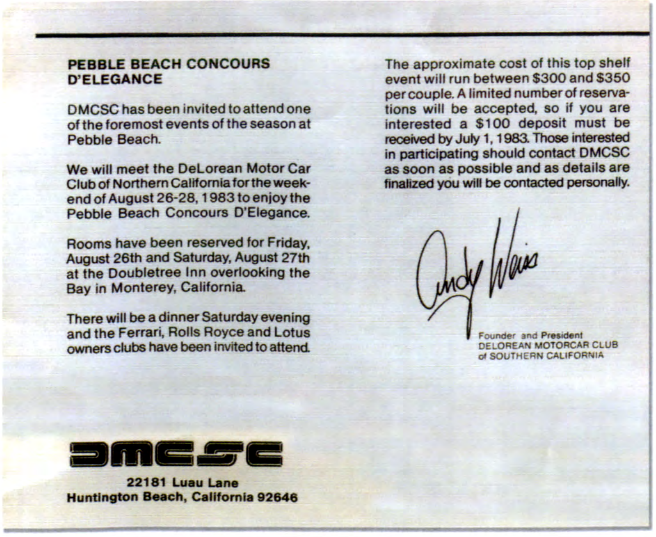
Ready for a lap around Riverside Raceway

From the moment Andy Weiss saw the prototype DeLorean in the July 1977 article of *Road and Track* magazine, he was enchanted. As for many of us, he was fascinated with the gullwing doors and stainless steel body. At the time he lived in Buffalo, New York. He was just a young kid with little money, but he put a deposit on a DeLorean anyway—a car that hadn't even been built yet. When he moved to California, he had his deposit moved to a Cadillac dealer in Torrance.

"I had a contract to buy the car at sticker price," Weiss says. But when DeLoreans became available, the dealer wanted $5,000 more. Weiss wrote a letter to John DeLorean himself. "I told him 'hey, I'm trying to buy your car and am having some difficulty.'"

JZD directed Vice President C. R. Brown to personally respond to Weiss. The message was reassuring: "We will get you a car." A Buick dealer in Orange County sold the car to Weiss at sticker price as a favor to the company. It was their showroom model and he was basically told, "There's your car. Back it out."





**PEBBLE BEACH CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE**

DMCSC has been invited to attend one of the foremost events of the season at Pebble Beach.

We will meet the DeLorean Motor Car Club of Northern California for the weekend of August 26-28, 1983 to enjoy the Pebble Beach Concours D'Elegance.

Rooms have been reserved for Friday, August 26th and Saturday, August 27th at the Doubletree Inn overlooking the Bay in Monterey, California.

There will be a dinner Saturday evening and the Ferrari, Rolls Royce and Lotus owners clubs have been invited to attend.

The approximate cost of this top shelf event will run between $300 and $350 per couple. A limited number of reservations will be accepted, so if you are interested a $100 deposit must be received by July 1, 1983. Those interested in participating should contact DMCSC as soon as possible and as details are finalized you will be contacted personally.

Andy Weiss

Founder and President
DELOREAN MOTORCAR CLUB
of SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

DMCSC
22181 Luau Lane
Huntington Beach, California 92646

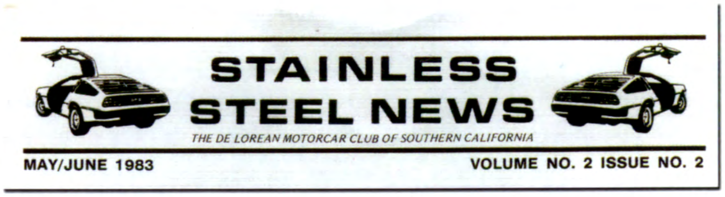
Letter of Invitation

"The first time I drove a DeLorean," Weiss says, "was my own, backing out of the showroom between two very narrow doors."

VIN 1918 belonged to him. The drive home was thrilling. He had accomplished a long sought-after goal.

Before the DeLorean Owners Association, clubs began popping up in every corner. There was DMCNC, the DCI, the DMCA[1] among others. Weiss began the DMCSC, the DeLorean Motor Club of Southern California. He contacted DMC and they put him in touch with Joel Vest who offered to do a mailing. Weiss wrote an introductory letter to hold the first meeting of the club on March 18, 1982 and the company sent it out free or charge.

It was soon after that he met John DeLorean in Irvine. "You could take one look at the guy and feel how dynamic he is," Weiss says. "There was a genuineness and you knew he was focusing on you no matter how many other people were around. For the moment you knew he was yours. It was a tremendous talent."



STAINLESS STEEL NEWS
THE DE LOREAN MOTORCAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
MAY/JUNE 1983 VOLUME NO. 2 ISSUE NO. 2

First Newsletter masthead

The DMCSC grew to over 200 members. Weiss' DeLorean was published by John Lamm in *Stainless Steel Illusion.* Today, he lives in Orange County with boxes of DeLorean goodies, though he's long left the politics of the clubs behind him. *DeLorean World* is ready to have a peek. *Continued next issue.*

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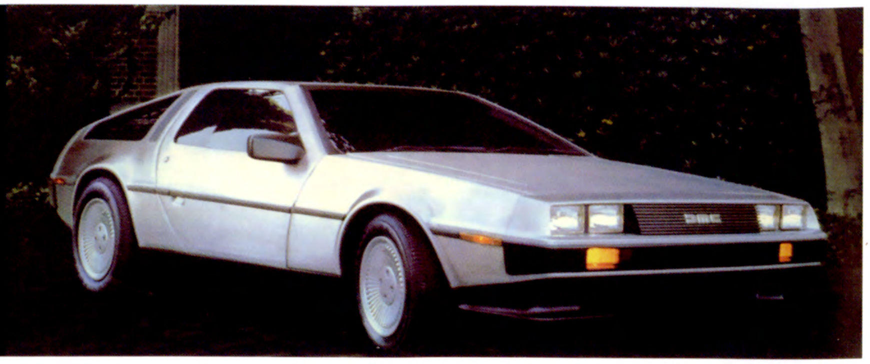
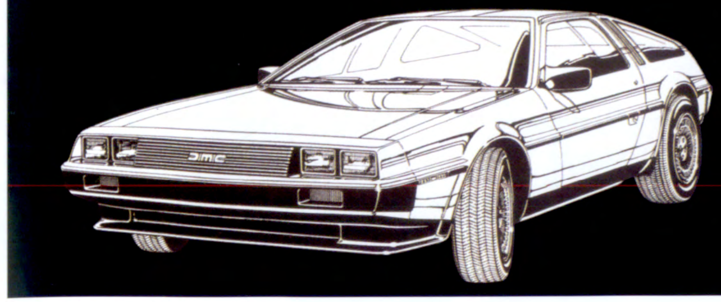
[1] DeLorean Motor Club of Northern California, DeLorean Club International and DeLorean Motor Club of America, respectively.





**Story:** Sascha Skucek

# THE LAST EXILE

Now over a year since John DeLorean's death and with the influx of the media's ripple effect, the gull-winged car has enjoyed some time back in the spotlight. DeLoreans left forgotten in storage, under tarp and cover have come out of the woodwork. The price inflation of the average car hasn't come far down since the media hype and that's a good sign for owners. But of the few secrets still left in DeLorean lore, even its creator's death couldn't inspire to unlock the mystery of the Visioneering Prototype. It is the last truly coveted piece of the legend, vanished like some exile—just not as long ago as you might think.

Much speculation and misinformation has spread about this particular DeLorean. For over 20 years it's held the title of Prototype 2, thanks to the Rick Cole's Collector Car auction in Newport Beach on November 24, 1984[1]. It was the same day that Prototype 1 sold to Bill Yacobozzi. With reporters swarming around him after he won the bid, he was unable to buy the second DeLorean. It was instead won by Don Williams, owner of the Black Hawk Car Collection.

That the Visioneering DeLorean was mistaken as Prototype 2 likely stems from the fact that it had been paired with Prototype 1 for several years. They'd traveled together across America for dealer promotions and events. When DeLorean Motor Company went bankrupt, both cars were probably stored in Irvine, confiscated and then moved to auction.

The theme that the actual Protype 2 was destroyed forever in Lotus' scrap yard in the mid 90s continues, although there are conspiracy theorists that believe Lotus made it disappear to some private collector, knowing exactly what it was. In actuality, Prototype 2 was an embarrassment. While it had similarities to the first, it included a PRV6 engine. But somehow, the design went wrong, the interior was off-putting and VIPs in the company were happy to put it out of their sight and begin work with Lotus for the production design of DeLoreans, based on Giorgetto Giugiaro's original design[2].

The result was something that looked very much like a production car. Visioneering Industries was commissioned to help build *the* prototype of the production DeLorean. The car was finished before the advent of the 28 preproduction pilot cars[3] , before the emissions testing, stainless steel frame attempts and before decisions were made on what kind of seats, steering wheel and windows to use.

No, this car was a masterpiece, with many design features DeLorean owners wish existed on their cars today. Cost and poor design choices probably led to the changes that made it to production.

The Visioneering Prototype came equipped with the Renault steering wheel, lumbar-supporting seats, the emergency brake on the right side of the driver and an all black interior. The Multiplex windows slid open horizontally.

The exterior had other minor differences. The parking lights hugged the facias which were molded differently, with different material. In several dealer sketches and pictures, the car is missing its louver, but on others it's there. The rear bumper wasn't embossed and the hubcaps were different.

The engine was a PRV6 but tweaked differently. While most DeLoreans have the battery behind the passenger seat, the Visioneering Prototype's battery rests with the engine. The water bottle is smaller—built by Ford. A lower engine cap surrounds the tail pipes and covers the muffler. While some speculate that this would increase the aerodynamics of the car, others believe that its failure to be implemented into production came from overheating issues.

Originally, this car was the model for the American Express Gold car promotion, the first dealer brochures and advertising sketches. As the pilot cars were developed into the production appearance, the marketing shifted.

Black Hawk kept the car for years before it was finally sold in Scottsdale, Arizona on January 16, 1998 at the lackluster price of $14,000. Not even the false statement that this was Prototype 2 could generate any particular interest in the bidders. At the time, the car still started, although it idled roughly.

For one brief year, the Visioneering Prototype made it to the grand lights of Las Vegas. But they were not convinced of its priceless nature and the car was sold for $10,500.

In September 1999, the prototype was sold at the Kruse Auburn Auction for $8,700. The new owner has disappeared, apparently uninterested in the hype and fluff. Rumors have it that the car made it as far as Detroit, but it may have since left again. Several enthusiasts are sniffing the trail. One can only hope that the current owner has the inkling to preserve the car as is—that it hasn't been converted into a kit car, or God forbid, upgraded to production. Hopefully the answers will come soon. But for now, the Visioneering Prototype is the last great unknown in the DeLorean community.

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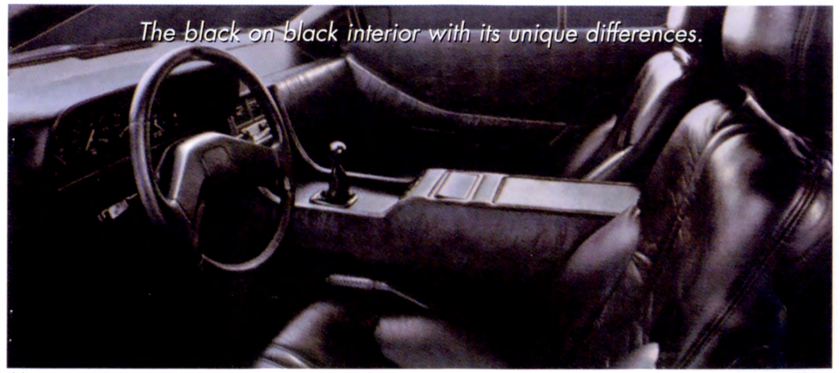
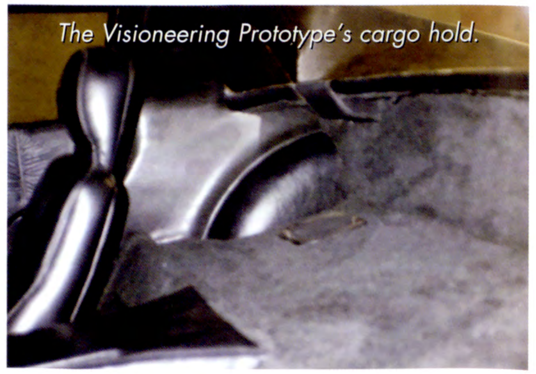
[1] See *One of a Kind* in the Summer 2004 issue of dw magazine.

[2] Currently owned by Tony Ierardi in Florida.

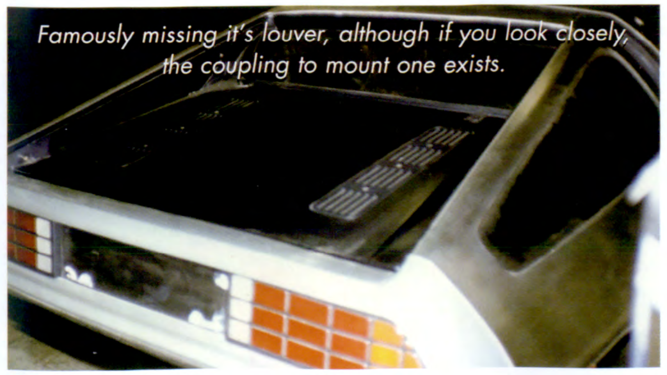
[3] See the Summer 2005 issue of dw magazine. Here the Visioneering Prototype was mistakenly considered to be a late pilot DeLorean.



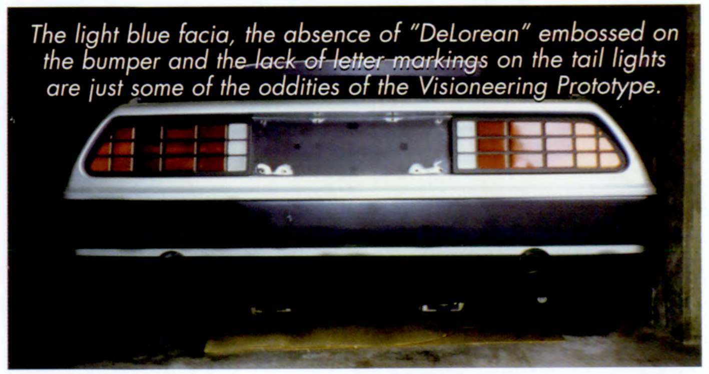
*The black on black interior with its unique differences.*



*The Visioneering Prototype's cargo hold.*



*Famously missing it's louver, although if you look closely, the coupling to mount one exists.*



*The light blue facia, the absence of "DeLorean" embossed on the bumper and the lack of letter markings on the tail lights are just some of the oddities of the Visioneering Prototype.*

# news & GROOVES
*from the DeLorean World*

**Apparently, DeLoreans are the only car worth seeing.** *photo by Tony Ierardi*

# THE THAILAND CONNECTION

Meet Thailand's DeLorean contingent. As far as we know, the entire nation has only three and here they are together.

The owners are:
Mr. Pravut Kanchanawat,
Mr. Witawat Sawadichuto and
Mr. Jesada Dejsakulrit.

They are eager to promote exposure to the DeLorean. Two DeLoreans were imported new to the country over 20 years ago and Mr. Kanchanawat bought his DeLorean (VIN 1291) in California where he studied from 1988 to 1994. He has since moved home with the car and become the Secretary-General of the Classic Car Club in Thailand.

If you're thinking turbo, think twin turbo.

The most efficient method of turbo charging your DeLorean's V-6 engine is with two turbochargers — one turbo unit for each three cylinders.

When the DeLorean factory began developing a performance model, the twin-turbo configuration was the system they preferred (see Road & Track, December, 1984-page 37). The Island Twin-Turbocharging System is the most faithful to that DeLorean factory turbo design.

***QUALITY***

- The Island Twin-Turbo System includes a matched pair of IHI Turbochargers, the same brand used on most Indianapolis 500 racers.
- All intake manifolding is made of cast aluminum, which can't rust or crack like metal tubing.
- A matched pair of exhaust manifolds are fabricated from rugged cast iron.

***PERFORMANCE***

- 0–60 mph .................. 6.3 seconds
- Top Speed ................... 140 mph
- Total exhaust breathing capacity is increased to a BIG 4-inches total diameter (2 inches for each bank).
- No turbo lag.

***REPUTATION***

- Island Turbo has been turbocharging DeLoreans since 1981 and has earned one of the most respected names in the turbo industry.

If you're thinking turbo, think twin-turbo. There's only one — Island Turbo, the DeLorean turbo experts.

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